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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE.
Notes 375
To our New Subscribers 376
Does God Crown Queens? 377

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:
A Pagan's Morning Prayer (poem) 377
Progress at Joliet — Part II — Winnie Louise Taylor 377
How to Grow Old—D. P. Baldwin 379
Now (poem) 381
Shame! Oh, Shame!—Francis E. Leupp 381

THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT:
The Inspirations of a Free Church —Jenkin Lloyd Jones 382

THE STUDY TABLE:
Elementary Meteorology 386
A Rose of Yesterday 386

THE HOME:
Helps to High Living 386
If I Were You (poem) 386
Keep Kindly Thoughts 386
Homes for the Children 387
Birds with an Eye for Color 387
Speak the Truth (poem) 387
A Child Night-Worker 387
The Angelus Bird 387

THE LIBERAL FIELD:
The Illinois State University 388
The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches 388
Unitarian 388
Alvan G. Clark 388
Chicago Commons Summer Institute 388
Weirs, N. H. 388

OLD AND NEW.
Why the Queen is Loved 388
Girls in India 389
A Picture 389

A DREAM FULFILLED.

A child went seeking a gift one day,
But so blind had been her care,
That she had not thought to begin her quest
Till the shrine she loved was bare.

Then she called to the fond old mother Earth,
"O Earth! of thy treasures rare
Bring forth the fairest and fittest one
A message of love to bear."

Then the happy mother laughed for joy
To know that her task was done,
For a thousand thousand ages ago
Her work had been well begun.

For once, when the wise old Earth was young,
And the ferns grew strange and rare,
But never the valleys or hill-slopes green
Did child or blossom bear,

As she dizzily swung in the tropic haze,
Asleep on the sky's soft breast,
The wildest dream that ever came true,
Crept into her heart's still rest,

Too tender and dear for words or song,
So she kept her secret fast,
With ferns for beauty and hills for strength,
Till the dream came true at last,—

The old, wild dream, in the heart of Earth,
Of blossoms at summertide,
And a child that should hold out a hand for a rose,
And should not be denied.

—EVELYN H. WALKER.

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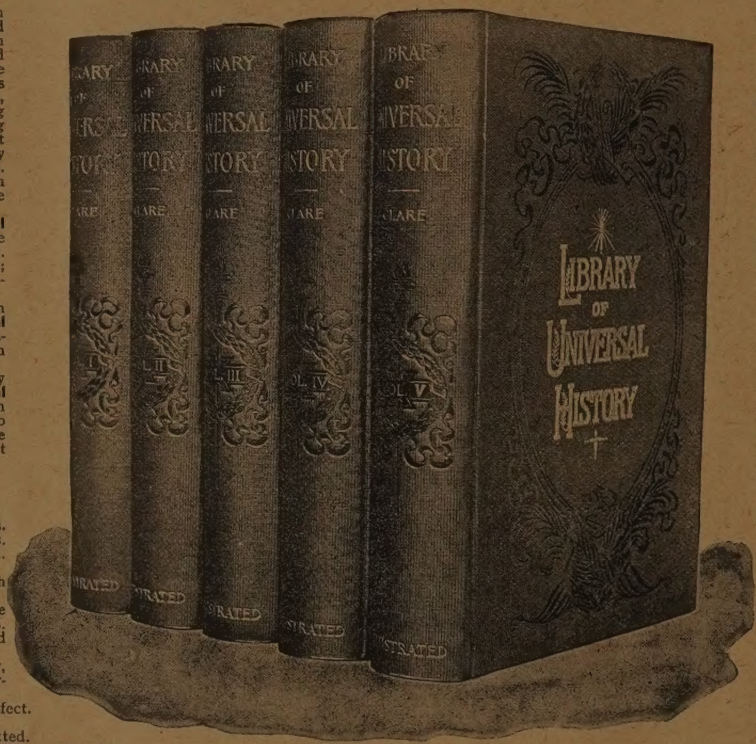

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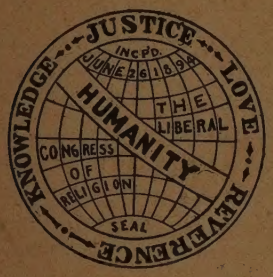
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1897. NUMBER 19.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that he has planned for man; and yet, as I look back, I see standing out above all the life that has gone, four or five short experiences, when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation; some small act of love of mine, and these seem to be the things which alone of all one's life abide. Everything else in all our lives is transitory. Every other good is visionary. But the acts of love which no man knows about, or can ever know about—they never fail."

HENRY DRUMMOND.

After Nashville it will be Omaha. The exposition of 1898 is in the make. At Paris it was the Eiffel tower; at Chicago it was the Ferris wheel; at Nashville it is the see-saw; at Omaha it will be the "Sherman umbrella," that will take you up two hundred and fifty feet in the air and whirl you round and round. What upward-tending creature is man! Let him keep on climbing, for "it is his nature too."

And now it is the "Hopatcong Summer School of Philosophy," on the banks of the lake with the perplexing name in New Jersey. The name is sufficiently explanatory of the scope and purpose, and it is one more hopeful sign that people are beginning to live, in July and August, as in the other ten months of the year. You cannot be idle, only by being vacant, and that means idiocy or death; the vacation is for re-creation, not dissipation.

As the church becomes less a criterion of absolute theology it must become more and more a representative of ideal ethics. Granting the freedom of thought, it must emphasize the obligations of conscience. Ideal ethics, the right thing to do; "practical" ethics, the available thing to do,—which? The business world practically says the latter; expediency is the law of trade. The church answers, or ought to answer, the former; right, though it ruins, is the demand of religion. Will the church level down to the standards of the exchange and study expediency, or will it hold its standards away up and away beyond and beckon the business world up to its position? Let the preacher venture for one Sunday to give back the ethics of the exchange, and you will note the quick disgust of the business man. He needs and expects the help of the higher standard.

It is worth while to explain one's ignorance once in a while for the delightful rush of information that will break in upon us as a consequence. We have already published Mr. Catlin's refutation of the Cotton Mather hoax. A subscriber from California sends us this interesting exposition as well as exposure from a private letter of the late Dr. W. F. Poole, the great librarian:

"I beg to say that I showed the *Penne* letter to be a forgery twenty-one years ago, in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of June 1, 1870, for it used words and expressions which did not come into use until a hundred years later, and its biographical and historical blunders were inexcusable, even in a forgery. Cotton Mather was only nineteen years old in 1682. . . . I later secured a copy of the paper in which it first appeared,—the *Argus*,—a newspaper printed in Easton, Pa., of the date of April 28, 1870, and I had a correspondence with the editor, Mr. James F. Shunk, in which he admitted that he invented the letter, and was rather proud of his *jeu d'esprit* which had been so widely printed. This forgery has a cycle through the press of four years, and is now on its sixth circuit. Within six weeks past I have heard of its being printed in a hundred different forms. (Signed) W. F. POOLE."

On the line of our plea for simplicity in connection with school graduations and similar occasions, we meant ere this to commend the innovations of the Sinai Congregation concerning their confirmants. The beautiful custom of celebrating the completion of the church study course with home celebrations having grown into elaboration and costliness that discouraged the poor, the congregation started this year a reform, and gave a general reception to all the class. The *Jewish Review*, commenting on this reform, has this to say:

We agree with the president of Sinai Temple in Chicago, who advocates the abolition of the confirmants being tendered private receptions. The custom has wrought much harm, and we are certain that it has deterred many from entering the confirmation class and thus reaching the consummation of

their religious education. His idea of having the congregation hold a reception to the confirmants, their families and their friends, and the expenses to be defrayed by the congregation, is an excellent one. Were this plan followed, we think our confirmation classes would be larger, but private receptions are only one of the causes of small confirmation classes; the giving of many presents and the dressing of the children in expensive garments are other causes that deter parents from having their children enter the confirmation class. If the beautiful religious ceremony was only made simple and impressive, parents would only be too glad in most instances to have their children confirmed, but where there is so much outside show, those who are unable to have it hold aloof, and as a consequence their children are not confirmed. Of course, we know all parents desire to make their children as happy as possible on this occasion, yet it would be a grand lesson to them if at this time they would be taught the beautiful lessons of equality, and that at confirmation there should be no distinction among the members because some are more blessed with worldly goods than others.

To Our New Subscribers.

It is not often that the writer of editorials finds time to look in upon the business management of THE NEW UNITY, but the other day he did catch a glimpse of the mailing-list, just after it had received its fortnightly corrections and was ready for the printer's revision. Never before have we seen the galleys so checkered with marginal writing and interlineations, all of which indicated the large number of new names that had been acquired. This forcibly brought to the editorial mind the sense of a new constituency with which he is not acquainted, and, what is of more importance, a constituency not acquainted with him or with the past history of this paper. Another significant fact was enforced by these interlineations: the wide geographical area from which our records are coming. The majority of these names come from points where there are no Unitarian or so-called liberal churches. It is fair to assume that a large portion of these new subscribers represent the nonchurched—those who have unchurched themselves by their thinking—have read themselves out of their ecclesiastical relations.

The word "New" was added to the title of our paper when it deliberately espoused the cause of the Liberal Congress, hoping thereby to emphasize the fact that it was not continued to be the non-official representative of the Unitarians alone. The paper did not abandon the truth or the spirit of that cause, but it did intend by the change of name to indicate that it sought the wider constituency, the liberals that are unclassified and unlabeled. Soon, through the energy of our present publisher, we hope to reach a constituency so large that there will be no room for a suspicion of any denominational bias or sectarian exclusiveness. To our new readers, then, we send greetings and pledge ourselves to educative work and that spiritual sympathy that will make us a paper-missionary, a printed-pastor of the non-churched. Within and without church lines we seek the open mind wherever it may be, in Presbyterian church or Jewish synagogue. We seek to lay the foundations of hope and courage and kindness so deep that Catholic and Buddhist may rest thereon.

But in thus greeting our new friends and extending the right hand of fellowship to the recent subscriber, we do not in any sense turn our back upon the old friends, those who have worked with us and fought with us through these twenty years of difficulty and strain. We must remind our new friends that whatsoever of strength and liberty they now find in our columns has been bought at a great price. The present onward push is made possible because year after year, through almost a generation of adult life, there were a few who stood by, carried arrearages, did the work without thanks and without pay, shouldered the load when there seemed to be no turning in the road. Remembering this, our new subscribers will realize that "other men have labored and they have entered into their labors," and that the work is yet unfinished. There is plenty of work left for them to do. A New Jersey subscriber writes: "I congratulate THE NEW UNITY on having a publisher who purposes to stir around and increase the circulation, and therefore the usefulness, of the paper." In the name of the publisher, we thank the subscriber for the compliment, and take occasion to remind him that it is through such as he that the publisher alone can "stir around." Help to find the other new ones. Give us ten thousand subscribers to THE NEW UNITY, and then publication interests, new tracts suited to the new spirit of synthesis. Not only the Congress at Nashville, but other congresses, representing state, and still more local, enthusiasms will spring up, so that they who have sat in solitude will find companionship; they who have been distracted by the theological disputations will find the consolations of the broader thought, the assurance of the deeper faith. With the help of friends, new and old, THE NEW UNITY would teach men of every description to be fearless in their thinking, to be open in their fellowship and boundless in their sympathies. All this will come, not by ignoring thought, but by sanctifying it; not through sentimentality, but through sentiment. Men and women outgrow narrow enthusiasm of sect and creed, not through the indefiniteness, but through the definiteness of their thought.

This is the last word the senior editor commits to print before he hies himself to his Wisconsin summer home from which arms-length he will continue to edit these columns for the next ten weeks. He carries hither a brain, perhaps somewhat weary, but one that will be glad to find its rest in the congenial work of planning and shaping the future life, not only of the All Souls Church of Chicago, but that wider parish of THE NEW UNITY and that bigger church of the Liberal Congress.

May we not expect from these new friends, who are fresh for the fray, buoyant in their spirits, dauntless of heart, great activity that will sustain the growing tide of new subscribers? Give us not only of the work of your hand, but of the activity of your brains, contributions, queries, comments, criticism, correspondence. Everything that goes towards making a live paper on living issues in the interest of growing men and a progressive activity, will be in order. The city editor waves his good-by; the country editor from the heights of Tower Hill sends his salute.

Does God Crown Queens?

"I, Liliuokalani of Hawaii, the God-named heir-apparent on the 10th day of April, A.D. 1877, and by the grace of God Queen of the Hawaiian Islands on the 17th day of January, A.D. 1893, do hereby protest against the ratification of a certain treaty." When will the world get rid of this rubbish? It is delicious to learn of one *bona fide*, unquestionable act of God, out of the order of nature—one supernatural event. It seems that the Infinite Spirit, the Supreme of the universe, did carefully select this woman heir of Hawaii; and out of the ordinary line of natural law, and even above ordinary divine rulings, did set her on the throne the 17th of January, 1893. Can anybody tell us what He did with her in 1895? Or did some other superior power on that occasion set God aside, defy Him, overrule Him, turn out His queen, and set up a democratic government? Are all things of God, or only some things? And who is to take the word of moribund rulers that God set them up, and the devil knocked them down,—or the Yankee navy? The American people, as a rule, believe just the opposite; and we have no faith in this specific alliance of kingcraft with the Almighty. We believe in popular government as the best revelation of the age. So far nothing convinces us that there is any more God-grace in coronating a queen than in electing a president. It belongs to us to have nothing to do with this perversion of common sense, honest theology, and beneficient politics. That is of God which is godly; and the claim of a woman to be allowed to continue her rule in the name of God is thrown out of the court of republics.

But if it be true, as she asserts, that Mr. Cleveland did present "official documents that my government was unlawfully overthrown by the forces, diplomatic and naval, of the United States, and that I was at the date of their investigations the constitutional ruler," then Mr. Cleveland committed international treason. For before that the Republic of Hawaii had been acknowledged as a *bona fide* established government by the United States, England, France, and Germany.

This is a question of religion as well as of politics. This ex-queen undertakes to make her political position stronger by claiming that God is on her side. Let her understand that there has been an absolute dissolution of the alliance of church and state; that *Dei gratia* is not an argument with a free people. Cromwell said, God and one are a majority. If Mrs. Dominis is confident that she has God on her side, let them take the Islands, and say no more about it,—if they can. We suspect that the silent partner in this case will not be forthcoming.

E. P. P.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

A Pagan's Morning Prayer.

Thrice welcome thou, O new-born day!
  A friend indeed I find in thee,
As now, amid Thy greatening light,
Once more I live. The generous night
  With stintless hand did give to me
Solacement sweet and went her way.

And now thou pourest rich treasures
  Down for me to revel in,
I pray that I may wisely use Thy gift,
And as the swift-winged moments go may lift
  Pure thoughts and open heart to win,
And merit divinest pleasures.

O Light of Day, enlighten me,
  And may Thy own serenity
Quiet my heart. Oft have I heedless been,
And lost the blessing Thou didst come to bring,
  But now with reverent mind I see
Thy sacred opportunity.

O, I would live rejoicingly
  To-day and store up memories
Of deeds well done to cheer the darkest hour,
When Thy fair face is hid. Lend me Thy power,
  O Day, to win the ecstasies
Which are for those who worship Thee!

OTIS ORMSBY.

Progress at Joliet.

The Prison and Prison Life.

PART II.

BY WINNIE LOUISE TAYLOR.

Right in line with the improvement in the care of the health of the prisoners has been the increased attention given to the illiterate—those mentally disabled to cope with life. The chaplain, the Rev. J. D. Roth, is an earnest, scholarly man, with the welfare of the prisoners deeply at heart. What he has accomplished in the educational department speaks for itself. For the last twenty years irregular efforts have been made to give a rudimentary education to the prisoners unacquainted with the "three R's." I have before me the greatly varying annual reports of these night schools. In 1884 school was held three evenings weekly for five months; the nine years following report but four months annually, with an average attendance of sixty-five. During the winter of 1894–95 Chaplain Roth held school four nights weekly for six months, with an average attendance of 166—more than double that of any previous year—and the report for last year shows school held four nights weekly during seven months, with an average attendance of 208, all that the room could accommodate. The full number receiving instructions was 243, but all could not attend every session.

The chaplain is assisted by twenty-five teachers, nearly all prisoners, each in charge of a separate class. These teachers are men of education. Some of them taught on the outside; several were university or college men. Some are doctors, and others have been state officials.

The results of the night school are most satisfactory, not one prisoner who attended last year having been reported for punishment—a significant fact.

A variety of nationalities are represented in the

school — Italians, Austrians, Bohemians, Danes, Germans, Greeks, Russians, Swedes, Lithuanians, and Chinese, as well as the English-speaking races. The foreigners, with few exceptions, could read and write in their own language. At the beginning of the term fifty-one members of the school could neither read nor write English; at the close of the term many of them were able to write their own letters.

As an instance of what this may mean to a prisoner, I give the words of a man who was sent to prison for life when fifteen years old—a boy who did not know his letters. Mr. C. F. Gross, for many years connected with the prison, induced this boy to begin school in 1878, and in 1882 the prisoner wrote me: "That first evening Mr. Gross inspired me with new hopes, and when I went back to my cell my innermost being seemed to thrill with delight in the possibilities that were opened to me. The next night, with the assistance of my cellmate, I studied for three hours, and it was one of the shortest and pleasantest evenings of my existence. Not once had I thought of the prison, or of my own sorrows,—all was forgotten in the pleasure of study." Thus, and through the school, that buried life was able to reach out and come in contact with the thoughts and interests of the outside world, and to cultivate and cherish friendship.

An interesting feature of the educational spirit in the penitentiary is the assistance given by men of some education to their more ignorant cellmates during the evenings. This co-operation with the night schools is one of the reasons of the sure and rapid progress of the men in their studies. The willingness to help one another is very general, and it is not an uncommon thing for a man in prison for a second or third time—whose own life is practically wrecked—to exert the utmost effort to induce his younger cellmate to abandon crime; and such efforts are sometimes crowned with complete success.

A very devoted and earnest worker among the prisoners is Father Sempel, the Roman Catholic chaplain, untiring in his warm-heated efforts to cheer and encourage the men. Particularly among the friendless foreigners, of whatever creed, is his kindly spirit felt, and he has done all in his power to collect foreign papers and magazines, that each man in his cell at night may have the comfort of reading in his mother tongue.

Under Warden Dement a fresh impulse in two directions was given to the prison life in the recognition of musical ability among the convicts, and in the growing of flowers within the prison yards. Both have been carried on by Warden Allen. The bare black ground of the old prison-yards, wherever not in use, is now covered with velvety green, while designs that rival Jackson Park in flowers and colored foliage ornament the larger space; and the row of elms planted years ago are becoming stately and beautiful trees. Vines are beginning to clamber over the rough stone walls, and nature is lending her ever-willing hand to beautify this home, to which many a man is consigned for long years of separation from all that is dearest in life.

The prison orchestra has become a feature of the institution, and is a great attraction in the chapel service. One feels in the music of this orchestra that the imprisoned nature finds a sense of freedom, and the sorrow and longing of the soul find expression. All classes join in making melody. The mellow voices of negroes, voices thrilling still with the pathos of old-time slavery, are always in the choir, alternating perhaps with the cultivated voice of some man of high social position. Under Warden Dement, music by the convicts was occasionally given in the cellhouses during the evening, and it is to be hoped that it may sometime be resumed, for it is an inestimable gift, particularly to those who cannot read and whose eyesight has failed.

Among all the records of the penitentiary since Mr. Allen has been warden, none speaks more eloquently than the punishment record. In the comparative statement of the average of punishments in the last twenty years we find,—in 1878,—that in every 10,000 days served by the aggregation of prisoners, 445 days were spent in punishment in "the solitary." In 1892 this loss of time was reduced to 174 days out of 10,000. The record for the last year of Warden Allen's administration shows but fifty days spent in punishment out of every 10,000 days served in prison.*

This very marked change in the record is not an indication of laxity of discipline, or of a lower standard of behavior. It is the result, showing in the temper of the men, of just and reasonable requirements, and of the harmonious working together of the whole body of authorities, officers, guards, physicians, and chaplains, under the leading spirit of the warden. The discipline of the prison is in no way lax, but it is more flexible; more margin is given for the action of human nature; more allowance is made for physical weakness and for those mentally unsound, who are easily exasperated into violence through over-severity or harshness. The abolition of the contract system, the increased attention given to the education of the men, and the better sanitary conditions have all combined to raise the standard of conduct and to improve the temper of the men. Under Warden Allen's management no guard has been attacked by a prisoner, the efforts to escape and to commit suicide have lessened, and the "trusties" have proved more trustworthy.

The deep gloom which has so long enveloped the prison is lifting, and there is a noticeable increase of light and expression in the faces of the men as they are gathered together for chapel service on Sunday. Colonel Ingersoll has criticised the Creator for having made disease, and not health, "catching," but there 's nothing on earth so indomitably contagious as the cheerfulness which springs from a warm heart. The unifying and vitalizing power in that prison, felt alike by officers and prisoners, has been the fair and generous and cheerful spirit of the warden; fearless of criticism, trusting the men for the best there is in them, and awakening their manhood with the life-giving touch.

Warden Allen realized that the striped suit was a degradation to manhood; that it was an unnecessary precaution against escape has been proved where in other prisons it has been laid aside. It was with the cordial approval of the board of commissioners and of the governor that he made the change in the clothing of the Joliet convicts, in the belief that if they were to develop into respectable citizens on the outside they must feel themselves respected as men while prisoners.

*Under Warden Allen, punishments are but one ninth of what they were when I first visited the prison.

It was a great day for the convicts, Fourth of July, 1896, when every man of them was clothed in a suit of gray. It was a measure of self-restoration that meant more to those men than is conceivable to one who never has been a prisoner. The men promoted to the first grade—under the indeterminate-sentence law—wear the same gray suit, distinguished by a chevron on the shoulder. Those who through misconduct fall to a lower grade for the present resume the stripe; but for that suit another of some unobtrusive color will be substituted. While men who fall to this lowest grade are deprived of certain privileges,—hardest to bear, the loss of good time,—they are not to be made outwardly conspicuous or subjected to imbittering physical degradation.

The abolition of the striped clothing has already produced an obvious change in the bearing of the men and in their attitude toward one another. One of them said to the writer: "Why, we looked upon each other as dogs when we wore stripes. Now we see that the prisoners are all men, and we can respect each other."

In this optimistic review of prison life it is not forgotten that mistakes are still made and improvements still needed, and that life in a penitentiary is bitterly hard. Nor is it forgotten that the prison is still a prison, where evil influences are working, where hearts are tortured with remorse, breaking with homesickness, burning with a sense of injustice, and racked with anxiety for loved ones left destitute. Even the simple human craving for liberty becomes inexpressible pain. These things are inseparable from prison life. But purer currents of thought, higher aims and hopes, better purposes, and truer views of life are gaining ground.

Through the intelligence and faithfulness of Warden Allen the Joliet Penitentiary is realizing ideals, and is one of the very best prisons in the country in discipline and moral influence, as it is one of the few that are paying expenses under the state-shop system. The institution is free from debt, in excellent repair, and in every way a credit to Illinois.

The new prison for women, recently finished, is considered the finest in the United States. Substantial in construction, architecturally beautiful, complete in equipment, it cost the state but sixty-five thousand dollars.

Miss Madden, who is the matron of the woman's prison, was appointed by Governor Fifer and retained by Governor Altgeld. It would be hard to find another woman so well qualified for this difficult position. Miss Madden has energy and firmness of character, fine executive ability, and excellent judgment. In all practical matters her management is capital, the discipline of the department is perfect, and the matron takes a warm-hearted as well as a conscientious interest in the present welfare and the future opportunities of her charges. The surroundings of these women are uniformly cheerful and immaculate, and the rooms are made homelike and attractive with pictures and with the fancy work so dear to the heart of woman.

"Although the creeds number seventy-three,
I hold with none but that of loving Thee."
—*Omar Khayyam.*

How to Grow Old.

The first score years of an average man's life are, as a rule, waste. If a boy, when he has attained his twentieth year, has laid in a good big stock of health, formed good habits, acquired a reasonable amount of facts, and especially has learned good manners and how to live smoothly with his associates, he is then ready to begin his life's work and to think and act for himself. This applies to college graduates, who often have more to unlearn and to learn than the ordinary youth. Forty years ago I found myself with an A.B. attached to my name and 20 cents in my pocket, pondering over an unexpected great truth—"root, hog, or die." To my great amazement no one cared at which end of the maxim I began. For the first time in my life I worked hard for the necessary three meals a day, and the next twelve months came near starving. Somehow I managed to pull through, at the end of the year out at toes and elbows. I count that as the most valuable year of my life, for I had learned when I came twenty-one,—

First—That nobody outside your family cares for you unless you make it worth their while so to do.

Second—That the hardest thing in the world to get and the easiest to lose is money, public confidence, and character.

I did not learn until twenty years afterwards the value of popularity, and that if it can be secured without the sacrifice of self-respect, it is always worth our best efforts.

There are some things that the most mature men never perfectly learn. One of these is to "see yourself as others see you." Huxley once wrote a famous book on "Man's Place in Nature." If some one would only write another upon "Our Illusions, and How to Reduce Them," it would be far more valuable. But they will never be reduced. Man, to himself, is the perpetual wonder. This wonder is exceeded only by another, and that—woman's importance to herself. We all imagine ourselves of supreme consequence to the world, while as a matter of fact the world is totally indifferent to us, and our presence or absence is hardly ever noticed or missed. And yet human vanity is as unchangeable as the great law of gravitation. At thirty we knew it all; at forty, if wise, the swelling of personal infallibility begins to be reduced; at fifty we admit that others know as much as we do; and if a man has been properly disciplined and kicked and cuffed, at sixty years he is willing to allow that he does n't know anything worth mentioning.

I wish to make this memorial as impersonal as possible, and yet to make it useful to boys and young men, and so I add a personal confession. I doubt if youth ever started in the race of life with a poorer natural equipment than mine. Of unattractive person, shy and distant manners, always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, I had, in addition, a slow, foggy mind, which acted well enough when aroused, and expressed itself vigorously and tersely, but the trouble was to get it started. O, how often have I longed for that best of intellectual gifts—quick perceptions, the ability to read hard books, coolness, and that greatest of all social gifts—genial manners. But nature always compensates. She blessed me with dogged per-

severance and untiring industry. I do not think that I ever failed in any large matter that I seriously undertook, nor is there any necessity whatever for a young man with good natural abilities to despair of success, either in Indiana or the West. It is amazing what opportunities there are in this state for a popular youth in law, politics, money-making, or social advancement. To such a young man Indiana is in many respects the best state in the whole Union. But, then, he must give his whole mind to it. The successful office-getters, or money-getters, or praise-winners, are those who want the office, the money, or the praise, and want it bad, want it right off, and can't do without it, and are willing, in Rome, to do as Romans do,—a very important matter.

What are some of the best lessons that life-experience bring to a man of threescore? Without hesitation I say that the greatest art of life is conduct. Emerson says:

> "Of all wit's uses the main one
> Is to live well with who have none."

To live smoothly and to do your work with a minimum of friction is one of the greatest of accomplishments. But, then, what is your work? As a rule, that which you delight in doing and which you can do the easiest. The path of least resistance is nature's sign-manual that that is your life's path. Unfortunately, the most of us are examples of round pegs in square holes. Then, again, how shall a man work smoothly? He is bound to have his enemies, but, in a large sense, enemies are not bad things. A good assortment of vigilant and malicious enemies makes life interesting. They teach you your weak points, and develop the fight that is in you, that otherwise might have smoldered unsuspected. How about books? At sixty years a man has his book list completed. He has learned on what lines to read, and outside of these lines he is indifferent. I think the majority of readers at threescore cease to read books at all, except for amusement or special information. They prefer life, newspapers, people, and emergencies to the passive act of reading or studying. I have four thousand books in my library, but could just as well reduce the number to forty, which would answer all my purposes. I do not expect any more surprises for the rest of my life, such as for one's first fifty years constituted its spice. But although after sixty life is the same thing over and over again, nevertheless the great world forges grandly ahead. The last fifty years of our history are its greatest. The collapse of slavery, the magnificent growth of the power of the people, the splendid advancements of science and religion, the discovery of the telephone, electricity, and what not, are all an intoxication and a delight to a gray-haired man. As if to prepare old age for its coming, nature, at threescore, softens our asperities and makes us lenient toward one another and ourselves. We learn, at sixty, the great truth that the humblest life is divine, to condemn no one unheard, to abstain from acrid judgments, and that everybody, no matter how much censured, has his or her side of the story, and always insists passionately that he or she is in the right. At sixty we learn to suspend judgment not only upon men, but upon measures. At forty we are violent Republicans, or Democrats, or Populists. At sixty we learn that even the Populist may possess some of the cardinal virtues, and also that in the division of political truths both of the other great parties have shared about equally. There are as good Christians in the Democratic as in the Republican fold, although it must be admitted that the Christianity of both is susceptible to great improvement.

Another of the experiences of a man of sixty is that, each year, the wisest as well as the most foolish, saint as well as a sinner, must pay a large quota of fool tax. Mine, for the last forty years, has been of very liberal proportions. It is amazing how the coolest-headed and shrewdest of us get fooled, and how we grow both red and gray in striving for something, either place or property or praise, which, when attained proved to be only one more thorn in the flesh.

The man of threescore may take a larger section of the grindstone called life than the boy of twenty, but, after all, he does n't comprehend its mystery any better. How came we here? No one consulted us about our arrival, nor will we be asked any questions about our exit. Our heredity and early environments are matters prearranged for us by a higher power. While the terms of the game are always fair, yet the inequalities that fall to the lot of the different players are frightful to think about. One travels life's pathway over thick and soft carpets woven of wealth, talent, and social position; another, equally worthy, makes the journey all the way along through hot plowshares. No one will ever explain this mystery. We are all of us free and yet unfree; masters, in a sense, of our destinies, and in another and larger sense puppets in the hands of a higher power. But for all this, life, while often a burden to be borne, is grandly worth the living. The man at forty sighs for other worlds. He wants to know all about the next life. The same man at sixty, looking down the slope, perhaps twenty years along to the end, is quite contented with one world at a time, and quite satisfied if, when he leaves it, he is no worse than his neighbor. At threescore we begin to think that, after all, the immortality of the type, even though the individual withers, is worth living for. Suppose that one's petty individuality is lost in the sublime sweep of the ages, what of it if the race—humanity—has advanced in his day, and if he has added his little infinitesimal mite to such advance? Our surroundings are largely accidental, sometimes happy, often otherwise, but ourselves and our partnership in the great firm of humanity are grand facts. And so I look forward to old age—twenty years of it, I hope—without the slightest fear of longing or regret. I am cheered and encouraged by the grand sentiments of our poet-prophet, as expressed in "Rabbi Ben Ezra." It is as natural to die as to live. When an apple is ripe, it falls, but its sweet days are its last days. And so with men. This year seventy shall be far more enjoyable than the year sixty, and the year eighty, if that is our lot, the most enjoyable of the whole cycle.

D. P. BALDWIN.

LOGANSPORT, IND.

The road to success is not to be run upon by seven-leagued boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit—that is the way to wealth, that is the way to wisdom, that is the way to glory. Pounds are the sons, not of pounds, but of pence.

Now.

I know not what the Future hath in store,
But this I know, and care to know no more:

That all goes well with him who does his best
In the eternal Now, If Peace and Rest

Abide, they are but fruits from seeds once cast—
Mere lessons learned, and conflicts o'er at last.

To-day is th' Eternity of Long Ago.
Which Hope's fruition yields, of weal or woe.

'T were wrong to build on glories yet to be,
And in the Present waive Responsibility.

The "well done" crowns the act to-day as well
As though 't were left for future years to tell.

Each life is but an endless chain—a ray
Shot from the eternal Thought of Yesterday;

Composed of parts, the acts, and what we think,
The whole no stronger than its weakest link.

Attend, then, to the part that marks the Now,
And make it strong; and to stern Duty bow.

No other creed nor faith can lift one higher
Than that to which all easily can aspire.
—*Wilson M. Tylor, in Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.*

Shame! Oh, Shame! *

While the irrigation work has been in progress on the upper end of the Navajo reservation, fitting it for agriculture, the Government has permitted some sixteen families of Indians to go over and herd their sheep on the public lands along the border of the Grand Cañon Forest Reserve in northwestern Arizona. They have been quiet and inoffensive; and as the land they occupied belonged to the United States and they were on it by permission of the Government, they had an unassailable right there as long as their conduct was good.

But some of the white stockmen in the neighborhood have begrudged the use by Indians of lands which they could otherwise use themselves. So on the 18th of January last the Board of Supervisors of Coconino County, within which these lands lie, directed the Sheriff, in his capacity as assessor, to employ twenty men "at two dollars per day and furnished" to "assess" the Indians in the county. The next day the Sheriff, without waiting for any order to be served upon him, gathered twenty deputies, armed them to the teeth, and started on his "assessing" expedition. Each head of an Indian family was notified that he must pay, cash down, $5.00 tax on every hundred head of sheep he owned, or move out of the county at once. Note the scandal of this whole proceeding: The Sheriff had evidently been in the plot, for he was ready to start the next day after the passage of the resolution and without even the form of an official notice, and of course before the Indians could be warned; the deputies in the posse outnumbered the heads of families among the Indians; they were heavily armed, though going on an ostensibly peaceful errand; the regular assessment season, under the general law, was still a good way off, so that this was a case of special legislation; and the Sheriff, though authorized only to "assess," not only assessed, but levied a specific tax directly. The tax was extortionate, and obviously never designed for payment, for the Navajo sheep were not worth a dollar a head in the local market; yet the Sheriff demanded instant payment under penalty of a sacrifice of practically all the victims had.

The Indians, always poor, were powerless to pay their taxes down. They pleaded piteously for a little time either to raise the money or to consult their agent as to the course to take. But the Sheriff refused any concession.

In default of payment, each family was compelled to pack up its property and march at once. The weather was bitterly cold; a deep snow covered the ground and more was falling, and it was lambing time with the ewes. To move suddenly at such a season meant great suffering for the Indians, to say nothing of their sheep. But what did that matter? Amid the cries of the children from cold and fear, and the weeping of the mothers, the Indians rounded up their little flocks and were pushed northward toward the Little Colorado River, the posse keeping up an intermittent fire with rifles and revolvers, spreading terror among the herd and frightening the women and children almost into spasms. When the river was reached it was found swollen—too deep for the sheep to ford; but the posse drove the animals into the water to swim or sink, as the case might be. As a matter of course, nearly all the lambs, and many of the ewes on the eve of lambing, went down, or were so chilled in crossing that they afterward died. Not content with this, the posse burned many of the Indian houses and corrals to the ground. Altogether, the mere money loss suffered by the victims would mount up into the thousands of dollars. Their lamb crop for the year is a complete failure.

All this was done by a gang of whites whose sole complaint against their Indian neighbors is that they do not take readily to the ways of "white civilization!" Had such an outrage been attempted against an inoffensive white community, there would have been bloodshed. But these poor Indians struck not one blow in defense of their homes, for their agent had told them to live at peace with the whites and trust the Great Father to see any injustice righted.

The Great Father has had these facts before him at Washington for several weeks. If he wishes more details, he has the administrative machinery at command to draw them out.

There is good reason to believe that three fourths of the white people in Coconino County condemn this outrage under the guise of law. Could not enough of them be obtained to fill a jury-box and to give back to the poor refugees at least the money value of the goods of which they have been despoiled?

If civil process failed, this is a case where resort to the military arm of the government would not be out of place. If a detachment of United States regulars were sent to the scene of the outrage to put the Indians back upon the United States territory from which they were driven, and to stay on the spot till the last liability of further disturbance had passed away, it would be a salutary lesson.

The case is one into which Congress may properly inquire; and if there are not laws enough now in the statute-book to meet it, some more should be put there without delay.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP,
Washington Agent I. R. A.

*The above, published from a tract issued by the Indian Rights Association, 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, tells its own thrilling story so well that comment is unnecessary.—EDITOR.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

The Inspirations of a Free Church.

A Sermon, preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, June 20, 1897.

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain; O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, and be not afraid.—*Isaiah, 40:9.*

A free church. Do I mean a church without charge, privileges without pay, mental, moral, and spiritual quickening with no bills; a church that makes small demands on the purses, the energies, and the time of its devotees; a church that brings little or no care, but permits enthusiastic friends to drop in, to listen to sweet music, sit in the company of kind and intelligent people, and hear that which is exhilarating, or perchance educating, inspiring, refining, without ever asking for money; a church that permits one to make an easy subscription to be paid when convenient, to be ignored in a pinch, to be withdrawn at any time, a subscription that is put down on the charity page of the ledger, and which is complacently regarded as a benefaction or, to use a common word, a "contribution" to a cause, rather than the paying of a debt, the meeting of an obligation, an honest, inexorable *quid pro quo* in life's accounting.

It is obvious that this kind of a free church soon becomes a popular church. It is an open secret that thousands of people all around us are looking for just this kind of a church, that hundreds of people in this community refuse to accept seriously church relations of any other kind. Every church that lets up on the stringency of the older and more exacting financial methods, finds whole processions of people tending its way. They go to sample its dainties, to enjoy its privileges, so long as they are conditioned upon this free and easy financial plan; but when their presence begins to ripen into familiarity, and their somewhat regular attendance seems to warrant an expectation, to say nothing of an exaction of regular obligation, of some sort of a confession on their part that they owe a systematic return for the privileges they are enjoying, and that this return should be determined by the law of proportion, by the perspective of life that says, in proportion to that which is given to you, in that proportion should you give; in proportion as you are benefited, that should you try to return in some way,—they become restless, take easy fright, and go elsewhere in search of a religion that carries no responsibilities, a church that does not besiege them with suggestions of duties undone, or anything in the nature of spiritual exactions. I betray no confidences, I only speak the sober truth, verified by the experience of such movements all over the country. Mighty as they have been in their influence, splendid as is their work, generously as they have been supported by a few, loyal as has been the inner circle who have served their day and generation by seeing to it that the larger word finds utterance and that great prophets of the soul have an opportunity to be heard; such churches have been and are thronged by a large class of people who do not mean to carry burdens and who do not do their obvious share. To them the attraction of these churches is augmented by the fact that their privileges are to them free of cost, or the next thing to it.

Whatever may be said in justification of this attendance, and however large the outcome of such church activities may be in spiritual potency, and I grant much in this direction, I do not this morning speak of the inspirations of this kind of a "free church," and I believe that the great American experiment of a church as a luxury, a church as a decoration to life, one of the last attachments to and least fixed of social relationships, is a failure. I call it the "American experiment," for I believe here, more than anywhere else, has there been developed a disposition to establish church relations on considerations of convenience, of locality, of social congeniality and social respectability. It remained for these United States, particularly in this Western section, perhaps in Chicago more than anywhere else on the globe, to develop a class that has an adjustable religion, one that can be readily arranged to the social environment, and one that is easily readjusted after the annual moving day on the first of May. To make a typical case,—this family on the West Side were Presbyterian in their church relations; on the North Side they were Congregationalist; on the South Side they tried the Unitarians, sampled All Souls, and finally settled down to an elective church life, hearing Salter when they could, Dr. Thomas and Mr. Hillis frequently, treating themselves to the occasional pleasure of listening to Dr. Hirsch, with Gunsaulus and Henson thrown in for evening variety; but when they moved out to the suburb they again enjoyed the luxury of more settled habits in a Methodist church.

But all around, wherever they went, the pronouns were in the second and third person, never in the first person. It was "you" and "yours," "they" and "theirs;" never "we" and "ours," nor "I" and "mine." Everywhere they satisfied this peculiar American conscience by giving "what they could spare," throwing their loose change into the basket as it went around, and making *occasional* contributions.

I will not say that even such church relations are not fraught with great blessings. I dare not think that these lives are not nobler, more earnest, braver to meet life's temptations, sweeter in the face of bitterness and the disappointments of the world for these spiritual free lunches. "Boarding around" is better than no diet, and that slender, intellectual organization, that thin spirituality, that chameleon stage of religious conviction which permits the organism to take on the color of its surroundings, to change its shade with every change of diet, is better than something still more negative, for even this is a promise. It is a step in the ascending scale, a cycle in the rising spiral of evolution, and according to the law of evolution the organism will surely rise into more compact form, assume more definite characteristics, and become a more potent and better organized creature. But I do venture to say that this church as a luxury, this piety as a convenience, and this molluscular appetite that has little digestive discrimination, is a sad condition to remain in. The church as a luxury, resting on the same financial

basis as other luxuries, the support of which is the last evidence of prosperity, and the withdrawal of support the first evidence, and oftentimes the only evidence of hard times is a transient church. It must die or grow to something better, and those who attend in this spirit must get more religion or become spiritual degenerates. The church that is to abide, the church in the interest of which I speak this morning, is the church that takes its place among the necessities. In the long run religion must become a fundamental and central power in the life, or it fades away, is thrown aside as the flower you wore in your button-hole last night was thrown aside this morning. Fragrant, fresh, beautiful last night; a wilted dead thing to-day, because even last night it was a flower with no root, a blossom with no living source of supply.

I am not discussing church finances, but I will say in passing that the escape from this church as a luxury, this religion as an after-thought, this incidental ethics, is not by going backward, but by going forward. The way to improve our church finances is not to return to that subtle delusion which induces people to make a real estate investment in a little tract of space which contains a pew, and then flatter themselves that thereby they are advancing the cause of religion, when in fact they have but bought for themselves a luxury. This investment may be legitimate. Within certain bounds personal luxuries are justified, but religion rests upon ideas, ideals. A church must be organized morals, and the only support that is genuine is the support given to these ideas and ideals. The remedy for poor church finances is more earnestness on the part of the church, a more direct appeal to the moral nature of its constituents, a deeper consecration, a profounder baptism of the spirit.

This lands us on the threshold of the free church, for which I plead this morning. It is the church of the open mind, the church of free inquiry, the church unrimmed by race or dogma, the church of ethical law, of spiritual aspiration, of human helpfulness, the church that is not only not afraid of science, but whose tool is science; investigation is its method, inquiry is its purpose, difference of opinion is its poetry, diversity of means to unity of ends is its psalm. The free church I speak of is the creedless church, that is absolutely hospitable to Jew, Gentile, and pagan, to Catholic, Protestant, and free-thinker, a church to which Trinitarian and Unitarian are alike welcome, if they can discriminate sufficiently clear to their own comfort the difference between their private convictions, their personal creed, and the common purpose of helpfulness, the common aspiration of holiness, and the common inspiration of the quest of truth, righteousness, and love, which is the only adequate bond of union for a church of the free. This free church is the new child of the new day. Its birth is hardly announced, its existence by many is seriously doubted; ay, the possibility of it is openly scouted by the great body of thinkers and worshipers in the world to-day. Some of us believe not only that this church is a possibility on the far horizon, but that it is already here, that it has been realized to a sufficient extent to warrant the conviction that it is to grow from more to more, until there will be a body of men and women openly consecrated to religious co-operation and ethical fellowship. They will be gathered in a temple that will be "open at the top," like the Pantheon at Rome, built by pagan art, rededicated to Christian worship, into which the light is admitted from above through the "great open eye of the Lord," that offers no obstacle between the worshiper below and the Infinite above —He who reaches down from the cloudless sky, and touches with light and life the humble devotee upon the earth.

But let it be frankly admitted again that this free church of the spirit has its dangers, and presents such difficulties and obstacles as to cause many to hesitate upon the threshold and to shrink from entering its free temple of the spirit.

First, let it be understood that mental freedom brings mental anxieties. It is a solemn thing to think for oneself in this world. To think necessitates doubt, investigation, deliberation, hesitation, and decision. The child loves to lean on the parents' judgment; the wife, in the past, was glad to follow the husband's will and judgment, and she called him "master." The man of the past rejoiced that some things for him were settled forever, that the creed had been transmitted to him, that the church had decided for him what was right and what was true. He turns to the priest and the priest turns to the book, and the book carries to priest and people the claim of infallibility, the assumption that it was the dictation of the infinite mind. The free church takes away these props, and tells the child that it must sometime become a man and think for itself. It tells the woman that she is first a woman, then a wife; that she has a mind of her own to use, a soul of her own to save. And it tells the man, the priest also is human, and he appeals to a text, come from where it may, that has been sifted through the human brain and appeals to human reason. Thus it is that the free church brings the solemn anxiety that belongs to a growing humanity. It brings the necessity of action and compels thought. Let no one pass lightly over this objection to the free church. It is spiritual stolidity alone that enables one to dismiss flippantly and unsympathetically the sleepless nights spent by those who are adrift upon the sea of thought, who cannot anchor their mind to aught that seems true and lasting and real. We cannot be indifferent to the holy tears that stain the face of the conscientious mother as she seeks to discover how to rightly teach her child out of her own uncertainties. O, I know of no chasm more painful than that which yawns oftentimes between a parent's sense of religious duty to the child and the consciousness of inefficiency and uncertainty in the face of such duties. A free church brings the penalty of free thought, mental responsibility, spiritual anxiety.

Again, out of these mental anxieties are born a brood of moral responsibilities; conscience is awakened from the comfortable slumber superinduced by intellectual complacency. The moral sense sees that life is, or ought to be, a battle; that there is an eternal distinction between right and wrong, and woe to him or her who fails to apprehend this distinction and be governed thereby. One may rest in mental uncertainty, but the moral nature calls for decision. Wait not the sober *second thought*, but heed the first divine impulse to action, the holy intuitions of the heart that spring to a moral conclusion. Expediency and its fell brood of economic

prudence, social conventionality, the unholy logic of averages and the commonplaces, the "what will they say?" and "they all do it," take alarm, clamor and protest against this singleness of vision and directness of aim which is the outcome of the free soul in a free church.

Once more, the free church in its very nature encourages emigration. It makes of life a pilgrimage. The celestial realm is found by traveling, religion itself becomes a highway; and so, from a far higher and a very different reason to those already alluded to, the worshipers of these days must perforce become emigrants. Existing churches are stations at which they stop but for a night—find transient refreshment. But lo! they must needs gird themselves again and pass on, and if in this quest they pass outside of all churches, and fail to find for the time being a harbor at any human shrine, and miss the high consolations that are suggested by the term "religious home," still they are not forsaken. All the more and not the less are they the children of the infinite God, and this free church sends its benedictions after them and lifts a prayer heavenward that these pilgrims of conscience may, like Jacob of old, find the rugged desert a holy place, that on the solitary mountain-top they may be able to make a pillow out of a stone, and in their awful solitudes catch glimpses of the heavenly ladder upon which angels ascend and descend, inviting them to still persist in their pursuit, climbing ever nearer and nearer to the infinite Father. Yes, the free church has its dangers, its forbidding exactions, its solemn responsibilities. It compels one to think. It necessitates action, even though it ostracizes still more and isolates yet more effectually.

And still, you have already anticipated my sermon. You have already felt how in these very dangers rest the mighty inspirations of the free church. Let us count some of them.

First, to it belongs the inspiration of the quest. Pursuit is not only the destiny, but it is the zest of life. The surveyed territory, the conquered fact, the solution that is reached, and the things we know, the work accomplished, cease to interest us. It is the subtle pledge of the endless life that the soul of man is so constituted that it must be a pilgrim. Its inspirations are drawn from that which is beyond. Poetry, philosophy, and life all gleam and glow on the horizon-line of human knowledge. When you have closed the book, know all you want to know, are satisfied with present knowledge, and can say out of the sincerity of your heart, "I do not wish to be disturbed, I do not choose to go further," then pray the Lord of life to deliver you from this burden of living death. It is time you were out of the way. When dead, you had better be buried. But while the arteries carry a single interrogation point to the brain, while the valves of the heart pump a single desire not yet satisfied, while the windows of the mind open towards any unexplored field, while the hands ache for the privilege of putting a brick into any wall, of pruning a dead limb from off a tree, of watering withered grass, of straightening a deflected gate-post, or putting to rights a misplaced ribbon, while your conscience whispers, however feebly, there is a duty undone, there is a thing to do, listen to my high mandate, the holy "I ought": it is worth one's while to live, it is not time to die. The world cannot afford to lose such an one, and he cannot afford to give the world up. He owns uninvested capital. The free church beckons to such and says, "Come and find fellowship in your quest, find faith that is rooted in your doubts, and find joy in the search." The great laureate had this inspiration in mind when he sang,

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

In our Northern trees the new wood is nearest the bark; life pulses most vigorously in the terminal buds, those that tip the topmost branches. There is inspiration in the quest.

Next the free church gives us the inspiring certainties of the *minimum*. In giving up many things we hold more confidently to the few. Abandoning the pretensions of certainty on the circumference line of human intelligence, the spiritual nature of man falls back with greater confidence upon the invulnerable realities of the central citadel. The free church says, abandon if you may thirty-eight out of the thirty-nine articles as being unproved or unreal, only so that you fall back with greater certainty upon the one article remaining, that one which says to you: "I believe in the integrity of the universe; I believe in myself as a part of that integrity, I believe that the Infinite Right, working through me and by me, will bring me into harmony with the eternal God." A short creed, if it be of the right kind, the kind that you can seize with confidence and hold with courage, is enough to enable us to win through life the crown of the saint and to know the joys of the martyr. If you can only say with George Eliot's Saint Agatha: "I believe there is perfect goodness somewhere, and so I strive," or with Micah: "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk in humility with your God," or with Jesus: "Love thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thyself; this is the law and the prophets," you have the warrant and the inspiration of the free church. Questions of texts and of forms, the perplexities of vestments and furbelows, of rites and ceremonies, of names and sects, are relegated into the realm of private preferences and individual temper, leaving the band of the free church standing together, shoulder to shoulder, to fight the confessed foes of life, to face the known enemies of virtue, to push forward along the established lines of science and of experience which lead toward the wider knowledge.

Thirdly. The certainty of the *minimum* promptly brings us to the realm of harmonies. The discord of creeds and dissonance of sects prove to be but the minor variations of the instruments which contribute to the great harmony in the symphony of life. We welcome the dissonances that are near, because we know that they contribute to the melody that is far; and so in this free church we strike those common chords, planted deep in the universal heart of man, which thrill and inspire Buddhist and Jew, Presbyterian and Mohammedan, Unitarian and Methodist alike. The free church becomes thus necessarily the united church; the free church becomes the broad church in which those of varying creeds and differing forms are still at home, because every dispute that would separate is silenced whenever the previous question is called and the soul is asked, what are the fundamentals

of religion? The free church calls for a change of venue from synods, and councils and creeds in the human heart and its universal loves, to the human soul and its universal aspiration, to the human reason which rests in the Divine order. It is adjusted, not to the prejudices nor the preferences of man, but to the realities of God. Reason is the instrument given to man with which he locates the lines of longitude and latitude in the geography of God.

Following the certainty of the minimum still further, we come upon the inspirations peculiar to the free church, the inspiration of the broadest inheritance. The Parsi appeal is to Zoroaster; the Jew of the past appealed to Moses and the prophets; Christianity hastens back to Christ and the apostles. Islamism swears by Mohammed, the only true prophet of Allah. Each of these have their inheritance. The free church enters into the full inheritance of all of them. Vedic hymn and Hebrew psalm, Islam's grim prophet and Christendom's valiant Paul, all enrich the inheritance of the free church, for it is a direct child, a lineal descendant of all the prophets, saints, and sages of all ages. It consciously draws strength from them all. Bibles from every clime form its sacred library, and the aspirations of all ages are at home in its hymn-books and may contribute to its ritual. I would love to dwell longer upon this mighty inspiration of the free church, for to me and to many of you it has been a "present help in time of trouble," a noble stay in dark hours, a great inspiration in moments of fatigue and discouragement.

But I pass on to the last inspiration of the free church that I can speak of. It may be denied the past. It may find much in the traditions of the race to discard. It may be compelled to confess that the road from animal to man has been a long and painful one, and that there are many brutal survivals still in the spiritual make-up of society; but the free church turns its face towards the West, the untried future, the broader outlook of the time to come, and sees there the possibilities of its dreams, the field of its future labor, the glory of the heavenly triumph. The free church has its face turned to the future. It believes most in that which is not yet here, and it finds its warrant to be in the things undone and the things that are yet to be done.

I have spoken of the free church in an impersonal and unlocalized form. How far it is a home word to us of All Souls Church of Chicago, a fitting one at this home season, when I speak the last deliberate sermon word at the end of a great, eventful, and most trying year's work, I leave for you to judge. Has All Souls Church succeeded in being a free church? This we have claimed. This we have tried to be. Certain it is that, at times, at least, we have felt the inspirations of the pioneer and have accomplished some hard things with light on the face and joy in the heart. Certain it is that sometimes we have known the inspiration that goes from the certainty of the minimum. We have let many things go, in order that we might find ourselves more securely planted upon the few eternal things that have been to us a call to go higher, and an inspiration to do our best. Certain it is we have taken seriously, as great signs of the times, the Parliament of Religions and its legitimate child, the Liberal Congress of Religion. We have rejoiced in the awakening interest in the study of comparative religions, the ever-growing discovery of things held in common with our neighbors, the growing fraternity of the sects. We believe that there is a growing hunger in the community for a church that will take into its heart the higher problems of this community, a church that will become a moral, educational society, a spiritual academy to men and women in this vicinity. And we believe that all these signs point to the future, proving that great possibilities await us.

We have detected notes of discouragement, born out of these hard times. We have sometimes feared that even the most faithful would weary and grow sick in waiting. Even though this should be, we have believed that the very stones of Chicago will raise up, if need be, new workers and new prophets to take the place of those worn out in the march.

And if they do not come, and our dreams prove false for us, still I rejoice in what has been done, and, if necessary, will die believing in what must be done. One of our earliest members wrote not long ago from her distant home some of her reminiscences of the days when we began in little Vincennes Hall, on the corner of Thirty-fifth Street, fifteen years ago. She told of how, month by month, we cheered each other by saying, "Well, if it must stop to-day, we are glad that we did this much, and rejoice in the past experience; and so cheered we laid hold of new plans to live another month, at the end of which we would be willing to die if need be." Let that be the courage of All Souls Church to-day. We will not be intimidated by prognostications of evil. This church cannot be killed by any sorry tales of financial difficulties and hard times. It cannot be defeated by any prudential, economic discouragements, or by any abandonment on the part of individuals of the religious hope or disinterested consecration for financial reasons. This church of the free must go on! But if not, even then, a free church dying is worth more than a bound church living; a holy memory has in it more life than a torpid possession or a dead future.

And so, cheerfully I close my preaching to you for the present with the brave song of Susan Coolidge. Let it ever be the song of the pastor and people of All Souls Church:

"If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, and all the journey through,
What should I do?

"I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

* * * * * *

"I may not know my God; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path no deepening shadow stealeth;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thoughts, the time to tell;
And it is well.

"Let me keep on abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripe fruition
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If thou come late."

The Study Table.

Elementary Meteorology.*

Meteorology has fairly come to be a subject for special high-school study. Geology treats of the substance of the earth; geography, of the surface; meteorology, of the envelope. We have now found that agriculture, which cultivates the surface, must comprehend geology and meteorology, or the elements beneath and above. I have made a good deal of careful study of this book because I wanted something as good as "Shaler's Elementary Geology" to use in my home school, and for family use. I think I have got a very good running-mate. Waldo's book is the best elementary treatise on the subject I have yet found. And it is furthermore exactly what a thoughtful farmer should put in his library, with the new books that are published recently as aids to intelligent land-culture. E. P. P.

*ELEMENTARY METEOROLOGY. By F. Waldo. Published by the American Book Company.

A Rose of Yesterday.

Mr. Crawford's latest story* is an extended sketch rather than a short novel. More strictly speaking, it is a kind of fictional tract, for which he might properly receive a retainer from some anti-divorce society, limited, if there be any such. The whole story is comprised within the limits of a single day, in the course of which Sylvia, a lovely girl, falls in love with Colonel Wimpole, falls out again, is fallen in love with by a poor fellow, scant of wit, and finds herself in love with another young fellow on the other side of the world. But all this is the merest side-show, and has n't very much to do with the main course of the story. The Rose of Yesterday is Mrs. Harmon, who has loved Colonel Wimpole before her marriage, and been loved by him. She is married to a man, formerly a brutal drunkard, now insane. Her son, grown to manhood, is a child in his intelligence, because of his father's brutal treatment of him. Colonel Wimpole would have her divorced from her husband; but she will not consent, even when her husband writes her that he is again at liberty and asks her to return to him. She resolves to do so. The stress of the story is on Colonel Wimpole's inability, with all his eloquence, to alter her determination. Her victory is complete when there comes a telegram announcing her husband's death. Thus it will appear that the motive of the story is as old as the Old Testament story of the sacrifice of Isaac. Abraham's knife was whetted for it, and then he was let off. Mrs. Harmon was equally resolved to sacrifice herself, and then had her heart's desire.

Mr. Crawford's doctrine of divorce is strict in the extreme. It may well give us pause, but its finality we are much inclined to doubt. Of incidental lucubration, as in Mr. Crawford's writings generally, there is much, the greater part of which is so ill-considered that those who give a second thought to it will wonder if Mr. Crawford did as much.

J. W. C.

*A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.—By F. Marion Crawford, author of "Saracinesca," etc., etc. New York: Macmillan Company. Cloth, 12mo, $1.25.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Moral life is made up of sovereign acts of will; liberty is its vital air.
MON.—Man is not content with present achievements; he longs to enter into the divine thought-life of the universe.
TUES.—It is only out of the exercise of free choice in the presence of temptation that our virtues ever have or ever can come.
WED.—Our duty now and here is to labor and to wait.
THURS.—Growth by means of ceaseless activity is the law of our life.
FRI.—Thoughts must course, must come and go, or the heart lies dead.
SAT.—God endows us with moral perceptions, grants us absolute freedom of choice, and creates the conditions out of which character may be developed.

—*William W. Kinsley.*

If I Were You.

If I were you, and had a friend
Who called a pleasant hour to spend,
I 'd be polite enough to say,
"Ned, you may choose what games we 'll play."
That 's what I 'd do,
If I were you.

If I were you, and went to school,
I 'd never break the smallest rule;
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 't would be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I 'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two thing only I despise,—
A coward heart and telling lies;
And you would, too,
If I were you.

If I were you, I 'd try my best,
To do the things I here suggest;
Though since I am no one but me,
I cannot very well, you see,
Know what I 'd do
If I were you.

—*Independent.*

Keep Kindly Thoughts.

Do not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come to judge people remember that you see very little of what they really are, unless you winter and summer with them. Find the kindly, lovable nature of the man who knows little of books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some woman who knows nothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everything. It is the everyday joys and sorrows that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy; it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living; so do not be critical of the little faults, and do be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought-out one, about everything that comes into your life, but do not have too many opinions about people. Their hearts are not open books, and as you must be judged yourself some day, give them the kindest judgment now.—*Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Homes for the Children.

The people who make it their work to find homes for orphans have many interesting stories to tell of brothers and sisters who are separated and sometimes find each other again many years after. The following is from *The Home-Finder:*

"A young man came into my office and asked if I would help him find his sister. He said that he was taken out of an asylum when six years old, and no one had ever inquired about him; that he had gone to school but four terms and could scarcely read or write; that he was twenty-one years old, had left his place, and the man had given him a cow. "Sell your cow," said I, "and I will try to find your sister." I advertised and took every means to find her, but without success. Six months after I had a letter from the young man from Kansas. He was working a farm on shares, and wrote me he was doing well, and asked if I had found his sister. A few weeks after that, I was driving in the country searching for homes. "Do you know of any good farmers who would take homeless boys?" I asked a ploughman. "The deacon up there," said he, pointing to a house on the hill, "may take a boy; he is a good man." I drove to that farmhouse and told my mission. The deacon's wife said: "I don't think we will take a boy now; we brought up a girl, and she married and did well. I am always sorry I did not keep her little brother; we took them both on trial but returned the boy. I thought the two would be too much for me, but the girl, to this day, wishes to know what became of that little brother." I asked the name of the boy, and was happy to tell these people where he was. The deacon was called into the house to hear the good news, and at once drove off to his daughter to tell her of her long-lost brother. A correspondence was commenced, and the young man came to see his never-forgotten sister. I learned afterward that the sister and her family joined him in Kansas. Sisters and brothers should always be placed in one home or in one neighborhood if possible. A little girl was selected from an orphanage and her younger sister was to be left behind to feel the separation with more bitterness than older persons imagine. "I wish," said the good-hearted woman, "that I could afford to take them both." "Take them," said the wide-awake agent, "and we will help you to clothe them." The sisters, hand in hand, went out with their new mother, no longer orphans. A lady who heard of this assumed the furnishing of their wardrobe, and for years sent a box of clothing and shoes to that faithful mother.

It is a great thing to think about large matters, even if the accuracy of the thinking cannot be absolutely guaranteed, for it creates intellectual width and strains the mental tissues in a way that makes over to them push and resolution.—*C. H. Parkhurst.*

Birds with an Eye for Color.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this department about helping the birds. While practicing his own preaching the author of the article had the following curious experience:

Two orioles were building near the house, and as soon as this was discovered worsteds of various kinds were put out, one lot near the place where one bird was building, and a second lot close to where the other bird was at work. Each lot of worsted consisted of pieces about two feet long, of the following colors: Gray, black, brown, light blue, and light pink. In a little while it was noticed that one bird had exhausted all the blue worsted from the supply near her, and that she seemed dissatisfied with the other colors. After some flying around she found the second lot of worsted, from which the second bird was taking all the pink. From this place the first bird immediately took all the blue she could find, while the second bird flew over and selected all the pink which the first had refused.

When these colors were all gone, the others were used, but not eagerly, and whenever any more pink or blue was hung out it was immediately seized on by one bird or the other. Time and again the experiment was repeated of putting pink or blue among the other colors, and every time they were hunted out, each bird choosing the color she originally preferred. It was proof positive that one bird wanted one color, and one bird the other.

When the nests were finished, one showed a large patch of brilliant pink, while the other showed a corresponding spot of blue. This would certainly indicate the ability of birds to distinguish color.—*Chicago Record.*

Speak the Truth.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact: though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop,
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth!

—*Home and Club Life.*

A Child Night-Worker.

In New York City, where clothing is made to flood New England, it is no unusual sight to see children of five, six, and even four years, employed all day sewing on buttons, pulling out bastings, or carrying high piles of work to and from the sweaters' shops. A teacher in one of the primary schools on the East Side, told me not long since of a little girl in her class who was constantly falling asleep. When she asked her at what time she usually went to bed, to her astonishment the child answered one o'clock, and explained that she had "to pull out bastings" until that time. The family were Russians and employed by a clothing sweater.—*Home and Club Life.*

The Angelus Bird.

When traveling in the forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird a bell-ringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon, and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head; it is of conical shape and about four inches in length. *Guardian Angel.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

PROSPERITY THROUGH ADVERSITY—THE ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY.—In spite of the Globe Savings Bank troubles, this institution is now in better financial condition than ever before. The loss sustained by the defalcations of the treasurer has been fully met by the legislature, and generous provision has also peen made for enlarging the work of the university in the next two years. Three new schools have been organized. The Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons has become the medical department of the university. A law school will be opened in the fall, and hardly less important than either of these is the new Library School, which will undoubtedly be the best training-school for librarians in the West. In every way, then, the University of Illinois is making rapid progress toward the first rank of state universities.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES will hold its 17th biennial session at Saratoga, September 20–23, 1897.

UNITARIAN.—The Rev. Mr. Kenneth E. Evans, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

D. M. WILSON, Chairman.
D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

CHICAGO COMMONS SUMMER INSTITUTE.—In pursuance of its purpose to be as helpful to church-workers as it may, Chicago Commons has announced a summer institute for Sunday school workers and kindergartners, to be held at the settlement, 140 North Union Street, July 12–30. The Sunday school department will be conducted by Miss Frederica Beard, the eminent primary teacher, and author of "The Kindergarten in the Sunday School." In the discussion of educational principles and practice in relation to the Sunday school, such practical questions of method will be dealt with as fundamental Bible truths, stories, songs, picture-work, and the application of kindergarten principles, rather than specific methods, to primary work. Mrs. Bertha Hofer Hegner, the kindergartner at the Commons, and a graduate of the Pestalozzi-Froebel Institute of Berlin, Germany, will discuss with her class the kindergarten principles taught there, and practiced here in her own school. Both the weekday and Sunday kindergartens will be in operation throughout the session. In both departments industrial training will be given in basket-weaving, wood-carving, and beginners' Sloyd. Specialists in art and music will also give instruction. Each course will be given three hours daily. Inquiries may be addressed to Mrs. J. P. Gavit, 140 North Union Street, Chicago.

WEIRS, N. H.—The preliminary circular for the sixteenth National Universalist summer meeting at Weirs, N. H., has just been issued. The date of the meeting is August 2d to 9th. The exercises of the week will be varied and interesting and interspersed with evening entertainment and lake excursions. Many of the ablest ministers of the denomination will participate, including Rev. Dr. C. Ellwood Nash of Galesburg, Ill.; Rev. D. I. M. Atwood of Canton, N. Y.; Rev. Dr. E. C. Sweetser of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. G. L. Perin of Boston; Rev. R. F. Johonnot of Oak Park, Ill.; Prof. A. W. Pierce of Franklin, Mass., and others.

Only a few weeks ago we made editorial mention of Alvan G. Clark in connection with the telescope of the University of Chicago. We copy from the New York *Voice* the following item concerning his sudden death: Alvan G. Clark, the maker of world-famous telescopic lenses, died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., on the 9th instant. Mr. Clark was born in Fall River in 1832, and from boyhood was interested in astronomical matters. The business of making telescopic lenses was established by his father, of whom Alvan was the successor. Mr. Clark made the lens of the Lick telescope, at that time the largest in the world, and prepared the glasses in many astronomical observatories, both in this country and Europe. His last job was the completion of the forty-inch lens in the telescope of the University of Chicago. Less than ten days before his death he returned from that city, where he had been to put the big lens in place. It cost $100,000, and Mr. Clark worried greatly over its safe delivery. He was the last male survivor of a famous family. Apoplexy was the immediate cause of his death.

Old and New.

Three years ago two wheelwomen, who had previously been abroad in the regulation luxurious style, made an experiment in cheap traveling in Europe. They had a royal good time for ten weeks on $190. This year the party increased to four, and headed by Mrs. M. A. Frost of Northampton, Mass., propose to cover about the same route for $200 from New York back to New York. The baggage of each member of the party consists of two suits of light woolen underwear, two pairs of woolen stockings, a divided skirt of dark mohair, meeting long bicycle boots at the knee, and a few necessary toilet articles. They will travel second-class on the ocean, going to Antwerp by the Red Star Line, and returning from Southampton on the American Line. The round trip ticket cost $78.35. Thirty dollars will cover the price of a third-class ticket over the route. This will leave them $1.50 a day for sixty days.—*Transcript.*

Why the Queen is Loved.

Such was and is the home of Victoria; and when consulted as to the form in which her great age and long reign should best be commemorated, her heart gave the wise answer: "Let it all take the shape of charity. Let your offerings be given to the poor and lowly, and your aid to those who are in want and are about to perish. Let this intent govern your systematized effort to heal the inevitable inequalities of human society, so that the gifts of God, in a spirit of reasonableness and mercy, may be distributed among his creatures."

When, therefore, it is asked why the queen's long reign is a subject of such deep general feeling, grateful joy, and marked congratulation among those over whom it extends, numbered by hundreds of millions, scattered as they are all over the earth's surface, separated by seas, and composed of races so variant in origin, tradition, customs, and creeds, the answer will be found in the heart of contended humanity, and its recognition of the progress of the principles of Christian civilization. They read in the features and discern in the long and laborious life of the head of their government

"The holy pride of good intent,
The glory of a life well spent;"

and love and pride are mingled in the tribute they glady bring to greet their queen in the sixtieth year of her reign. Wiser than her ancestor of 1776, the monarch of Great Britain has accepted the great lesson of government, the chief instructor of which was our own and only Washington, who

"Taught prince and peer that power was but a trust,
And rule alone that served the ruled was just."

—*Thomas F. Bayard in the Century.*

MINISTER (to Rory). "Why were n't you at the kirk on Sunday?" Rory—"I was at Mr. Dunlop's kirk." Minister.—

"I don't like you running about to strange kirks in that way. Not that I object to you hearing Mr. Dunlop, but I'm sure ye widna like yer ain sheep straying away into strange pastures." Rory.—"I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass."—*Glasgow Times.*

ALL the rivers run to the sea, yet the sea is not full. Harvard University is passing rich, yet needs money for necessary expansion. Yale has received $4,000,000 in donations, and has built fifteen new buildings in ten years; yet it wants millions for the library, the medical department, the Sheffield Scientific School, and a proposed School of Architecture.

Girls in India.

All girls in India are very fond of pretty and bright-colored dresses. The dress is simply five yards of muslin. When only three or four years old, a little girl begins to learn how to wind it gracefully around the body and over the shoulder. When she goes into the street, she slips one end over the head as a veil. A little, short-sleeved jacket is the only other garment she wears. This is a very cool and comfortable costume for the hot climate. Every family has a jewel-box, full of little "cubby-holes" for each ornament. This is often buried in the mud floor of the woman's inner apartment. If you want to see their jewelry, you must make an appointment beforehand, so that they can dig it up. Once in eight days the girls and women wash, comb, and oil their hair, and have it nicely braided. They also take off and brighten the jewelry at this time. They would rather starve than give up their jewelry, they are so fond of it. The poorest people make theirs of tin, brass, lead, glass, sealing-wax, and shells.—*Over Sea and Land.*

A Picture.

A day in June; a scholar at his books,
Whose name the world has echoed far and wide;
A tinge of sadness in a face that looks
As though unsatisfied.

A day in June; a fair and girlish face,
Fresh as the roses which she sits among,
Bending, half listless, o'er a bit of lace,
With all life's song unsung.

A day in June, rich with its wealth of bloom,
So full of God one scarce need look above;
Two sit together in the scholar's room,
And life is only love.

Her cheerful voice is music to his ear;
Touch more than magic has her gentle hand;
Her sunny, restful presence brings Heaven near;
Her love makes earth so grand.

A day in June; the roses withered lie;
A painful stillness o'er the room has grown;
There is no charm in earth, or air, or sky;
The scholar sits alone.

Mrs. Sarah Knowles Bolton.

NO SEX IN CRIME.

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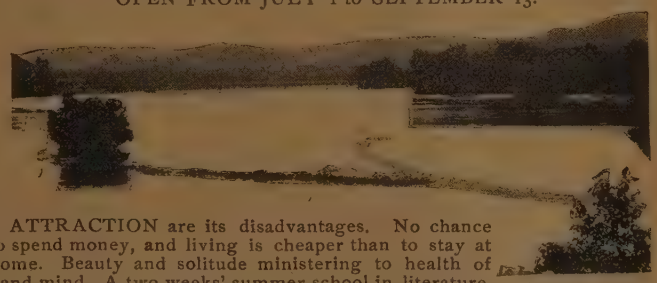

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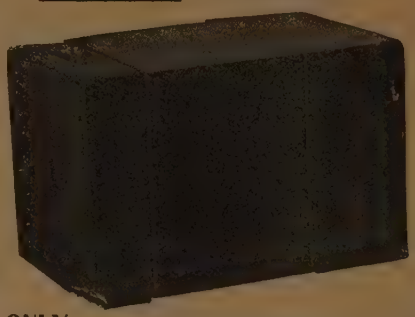

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